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"When I was younger I saw that my bosses wouldn't pay me right. So I lit on down the road when hot weather come, and laid in the shade of trees and went hungry and half naked and half mad—and I could see them cool cars zip down the road past me, I'd roll over an' watch 'em sail. Then I'd get to wondering if I really wanted to sing to 'em or shoot at 'em, or just keep on being a hobo. It's better to work . . . if you get enough money to be a first class hobo when you get your work done."

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"You know, I made a fone call today on one of them dile outfits, an the girl yelled an said, I can't give you a line.

An I says, gal, I cood give you one, but I'm too busy. Gimme the Daily Worker.

She said, I can't give you a line because the line is busy.

So I says, okay, switch me over onto a good fast talking barb wire fence an give me the Daily Worker. This is my last nickel.

She said, this is my last stick of gum. Okay, here's the Daily Worker.

An I says, is this the Worker? An they says, yep, this is the Worker, and just as I started to tell em what I wanted, the fone blowed up in my face an there was a voice said, deposit 5 cents more for 5 more minutes please."

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"Radio waves must be fading out, or running short, or something. I see where all of the late model cars come equipped with fishing poles that stick right straight up in the air, so you can chase the music you want. I would say just off handed that some of our highway accidents might be caused by folks a fishing. But, after all, there's a limit to all things, and I suppose to radio waves. Gosh, look what a big load of junk they carry. That would almost wear the sky out, but I guess that's what the sky is for, to have room to invent something new in. Talking about the sky, here in New York you have got to give the taxi company 35 cents to get a cab driver to chase some down for you. That's the Capitalist cistem for you, they build up so much building to beat you out of money with, that they finally block out the sky, and charge you 20 cents a mile to ride a round and look for it."



In 1940 Woodie Guthrie had a daily column in the *Daily Worker* called "Woodie Sez." Here are some excerpts from that year, beginning with his first column which appeared on March 27, 1940.

"Don't be bashful about writing to me if you know of a job. I play the guitar and am what is known as a Magical Singer, in as much as I fool the audience completely. I keep them guessing all during the show—why the devil they bought a ticket.

I am the one and only right handed entertainer in the field; and have been told I'd be better in the field, with a hoe. I've dug with a hoe, but I can raise more cain by digging the republicans.

If you are afraid I woodent go over in your lodge or party, you are possibly right. In such case just mail me \$15 and I wont come. When I perform I cut it down to \$10. When for a good cause, \$5. When for a better cause, I come free. If you can think of a better one still, I'll give you my services, my guitar, my hat and 65 cents cash money."

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"DAILY WORLD"

DAY: T W TH F S SU

DATE: 1-12-84

PAGE: 22-M

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CPUSA PUBLICATIONS
FCI-R

229-16 - 340

JAN 16 1984

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